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UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

MEMORIAL HALL

Inaugural Proceedings

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3, 1885

RALEIGH
E. M. UZZELL, STEAM PRINTER AND BINDER
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INAUGURAL PROCEEDINGS.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., June 3, 1885.

The Trustees of the University of the State meet this morning, on the rostrum in Memorial Hall, pursuant to order, at eleven o'clock. Present:

His Excellency GOV. SCALES, *ex-officio* President of the Board;
KEMP P. BATTLE, LL. D., Orange;
RICHARD H. BATTLE, Esq., Wake;
HENRY R. BRYAN, Esq., Craven;
Col. W. H. S. BURGWYN, Vance;
FABIUS H. BUSBEE, Esq., Wake;
Hon. PAUL C. CAMERON, Orange;
JULIAN S. CARR, Durham;
Capt. JAMES A. GRAHAM, Alamance;
Maj. JOHN W. GRAHAM, Orange;
EUGENE GRISSOM, M. D., LL. D., Wake;
WILLIAM J. HAWKINS, M. D., Wake;
Maj. A. M. LEWIS, Wake;
Hon. JOHN MANNING, Orange;
Col. PAUL B. MEANS, Cabarrus;
A. H. MERRITT, Esq., Chatham;
Col. WILLIAM L. SAUNDERS, Wake;
Hon. WALTER L. STEELE, Richmond;
Hon. CHARLES R. THOMAS, Craven;
JOSEPH WILLIAMS, Yadkin;
JOHN E. WOODARD, Esq., Wilson;
WILLIAM J. YATES, Charlotte.

Hon. KEMP P. BATTLE, LL. D., President of the University, having called the audience in the Hall to order, announces the programme of proceedings for the morning.

Rev. A. W. MANGUM, D. D., Professor of Moral Philosophy, &c., reads the Dedication Ode, which is sung as follows:

DEDICATION ODE.

(ADAPTED.)

Almighty God! Thou only great!
To thee this house we dedicate;
Here shall thy wondrous works be shown,
And here thy sovereign will made known.

Science and Revelation here
In perfect harmony appear,—
Guiding young feet along the road,
Thro' grace and nature up to God.

Help us, O Lord, with faith to lay
This temple at thy feet to-day!
O let thy work to us appear,
Thy glory be exalted here.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly hosts,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Prayer is then offered by Rev. CHARLES PHILLIPS, D. D., Professor Emeritus of Mathematics, as follows:

Oh God! Jehovah of Hosts! Our fathers' God! We worship Thee at all times for what Thou art in Thyself—for what Thou hast been to our fathers—for what Thou art to us; and we pray Thee to be the same to our children—that there may be of them thousands of generations who fear Thee and keep Thy commandments. We give Thee thanks for the good of which we are witnesses this day; for health in our bodies; for happiness in our homes; for peace and prosperity throughout our land. And we bless Thee for putting it in our hearts to build this goodly house in which we may gather, and bring to mind what Thou hast given to this mighty people—for the light of the knowledge of Thee, and for the life that is in communion with Thee. May the memories of Thy servants who have spread Virtue, and Science, and Liberty throughout this commonwealth, be always strong in the hearts of its people, to keep them from the paths of the destroyer!

For Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

Paul C. Cameron, Chairman of the Building Committee, in behalf of himself and associates on the committee (Messrs. K. P. Battle and John Manning), then rises and addresses the Chair as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT:—It happeneth not to many men to be called to a College or University rostrum just sixty years from the time he ceased to be a pupil in its walls, to take part in any public exhibition, unless distinguished for great learning, well-founded statesmanship, or moving eloquence. It is certainly not the place for one who comes under the worn, tattered banner of an old and shipwrecked farmer and planter. And of that robust band of boys who entered this institution with me, only three survive: J. H. Lindsay, of the Greensboro National Bank, W. M. Sutton, of Bertie, (now of the city of Norfolk), and myself! Such are the saddening reminiscences of old age, such the pebbles picked up along the fading coast line of life!

As President of the Alumni and as Chairman of the Building Committee, I am here by the request of our learned Faculty. The duty has fallen on the unofficial and unknown. It might, with the best propriety, have been imposed on the distinguished head of the University or some of his scholarly associates; on a younger and a braver man, with more grace of speech, and one more nearly *equal* to the occasion. But neither within these walls, nor within the limits of the State, can be found a heart more *loyal* to all that concerns the entire interest and advancement of this institution than *the one that pulsates here.* Then, with a cheerful spirit and hopeful purpose, I tender you, one and all, a cordial greeting and welcome. It is to me a pleasant duty, a willing service, to greet and welcome the sons and daughters of North Carolina to this completed Hall—dedicated to law, liberty, learning, virtue and science. Then, all hail, all welcome, and all greet, the dawning of a brighter day for the University of North Carolina!

In all truth, my interest and affection for this institution have ever seemed to me to have been inherited. When a mere lad—born and reared in the county of Orange—associated with its earnest and early friends, I became interested in its fortunes and anxious for its future. It was at a secluded farmhouse, not twenty miles from this pleasant village, that I, a boy, was first brought in contact with President Caldwell. It was to that retired home the good man often came, in the discharge of the tenderest offices of friendship and the most holy of his ministry; sometimes to visit the sick, sometimes to bury the dead, and sometimes to enjoy the luxury of an idle day in a conference with his confidential friend and trustee. Though of different nativities, creeds, pursuits, they moved in perfect harmony in the direction of the interests and affairs of this infant and poorly equipped institution. In want of everything, save pluck, poverty and parts, the good President, hopeful of the growing intelligence and liberality of State and people, yielded to no despondency or despair. He made the fight for letters and higher education with the spirit, and died

the death, of a *martyr*. To him, more than to any one man of the past, do we owe this institution—the chief nursery of our youth and the best ornament of the State. Can it be that it is the *evil* that men do—as declared by the great English poet—lives after them, only? Is it not quite as true that the *good* that men do has an *equal* survivorship? It cannot be that life and immortality attaches only to the evil, whilst the good passes into oblivion and is without memory. Yonder stately cenotaph on the campus attests the love and veneration of his pupils, the gratitude of the Alumni Association, led by the active coöperation of the then President of the United States and Governor of the State.

Governor Scales, I tender to you a special greeting! In behalf of the Board of Trustees, the Faculty, the Alumni Association, and the generous youth here assembled for education, I greet you with the *broadest welcome*. You are no stranger here. You have given us the highest guarantees of your prudence, wisdom and patriotic purposes, alike in the field and in the halls of legislation, which, associated with your sterling merit and stainless private life, have won for you the good will and confidence of the people of your native State, who, in a recent election, declared you their Governor by 20,000 majority—a just reward for such a life. Honor to the brave! confidence to the virtuous and true! As the Chairman of the Building Committee I now surrender to you, as President *ex officio* of the Board of Trustees, this completed Hall as a part of the property of the University, with the same confidence that the people of North Carolina committed to your care and keeping their State Capitol, with the State's archives, its charitable and penal institutions, its *good name and Great Seal.*

It is proper that I should here announce to you and the public that at the Annual Commencement of June, 1883, a resolution was submitted to an unusually full Board requesting the appointment of a committee from the Alumni to solicit contributions to a fund to provide a monument similar to that erected to Dr. Caldwell, and to be placed near it, to commemorate the services of the late President David L. Swain, who, for thirty-three years, had directed the interests and affairs of this institution with such conspicuous and marked ability. No monument had been erected *here* to his memory. This was to be charged to no want of gratitude or of full recognition of his services, but to the embarrassed condition of the Alumni and the more pressing demands on the Association, and above all to the transfer of the property for ten years to unknown men. We earnestly wished to place one on the campus, near to Caldwell's, the two to stand as watchful and equal sentinels of the fame and fortunes of the University of North Carolina. This resolution was adopted with great unanimity, and the committee appointed by the then President of the Board, Governor Jarvis.

At that same Commencement, June 1883, on the rostrum in the College Chapel, in the presence of a large audience, more than the Chapel could seat, Governor Jarvis, in the most emphatic manner, declared for larger accommo-

dations—in fact, a *new Hall*—to be erected during his term of office. At a meeting of the Trustees held in the city of Raleigh in July, Governor Jarvis proposed that the Board of Trustees and the Alumni Association should unite their efforts in the building of a Hall equal to our present and in anticipation of the wants of the future; to substitute a Hall for an obelisk. This proposition was so characterized by good sense, so entirely in accord with our needs, that no issue was made as to the propriety of the proposition, with only this reservation: that the Alumni should be pledged to no specific sum. This was promptly accepted by Governor Jarvis. In his words: "Get what you can from the Alumni, pay it over to the Treasurer of the University, and we will try and *pull through*." He was in earnest, he was excited by the high-born purpose to succeed. It was his tongue that *first* declared for Swain Memorial Hall; it was his hand that drew the ordinance ordering its erection. As Governor of the State, he promptly tendered the Building Committee convict labor for the making of brick at Chapel Hill, or to deliver to us brick at the gate of the State prison, we paying the *freight*. A visit to the Penitentiary, an inspection of the brick—uniform in color, smooth and of very hard material—soon settled the question that it was alike to the interest of the State and of the University to take the brick and pay the freight to the seat of the building. At once Governor Jarvis gave the order for the delivery of the brick on the cars, and the corner stone was laid on the 25th of September, 1883. So that this Hall has been erected in part by the State, the Board of Trustees, the Alumni, and the contributions of the liberal sons and daughters of North Carolina by a uniform subscription for tablets. And it is believed that all debts for labor and material have been paid, save that to the State for brick.

And now, without disparagement to any of his distinguished predecessors, I but express the opinion of his associates in the Board, that no man was more in earnest or patriotic in his purposes for the improvement and equipment of this institution. He held that we had *nothing* in North Carolina from which we should expect so much as from this institution, if intelligent, useful and active men "constitute a State." During the six years that I sat with him in the Board of Trustees, he was ever at his post and never hesitated a moment in his duty. Knowing the wants of the institution, he was ever ready with good sense to give the best direction to all affairs. When he took position he was reliable as guide, and to be trusted when he assumed a leadership. Commencing life as a plow-boy, with limited advantages of early education, he advanced himself to the Chief Executive office of State, received nearly a unanimous endorsement of the Legislature for a seat in the new Cabinet, and now represents this great Republic with the Emperor of Brazil. It is a fortunate selection for *both* Governments. Jarvis will soon be a favorite at that Court. He is a man of the Emperor's own style. During the Centennial in Philadelphia Dom Pedro, in the course of a month, often came under my observation. He is a pleasant, genial, progressive, thinking man. He means

work. For fifty years he has ruled with wisdom; he attends to his own affairs; he looks after *little matters.* He sent home ship loads of railroad and fire engines, models, tools, and every labor-saving machine, equal to two millions of dollars, the product of our shops. If we can meet his conceptions he will open wide the gates of trade and offer us untold riches. It is said that our sprightly politicians at Chapel Hill, who are to be our future leaders, diplomats and envoys, express the opinion that in less than two months after the arrival of our Ex-Governor at the Court to which he is accredited, we will have a "swapping of knives" with Dom Pedro, to the mutual advantage of both parties, resulting in a proposition of mutual exchange, in which the Brazil coffee will be offered for the North Carolina roe and cut herring, on the basis of a nominal taxation. With successful negotiations and treaties of reciprocity with the leading South American States will cease the wail at our teeming abundance and over-production in the field, the mills, and workshops and forges. A market will be made that can hardly be estimated by any line of figures.

The best wishes of the people of North Carolina go with our Ex-Governor, in grateful recognition of his successful administration of our State affairs and his watchful care of this institution!

During the winter of 1883-'84 the work on the building was suspended. The supply of funds from the Board of Trustees and the Alumni ceasing to come in, a question arose as to the prosecution of the work on the building in the spring of 1884. A suggestion was made that an appeal be made to the representatives of those who had been associated with the institution in the past, and who, by honorable lives, either civil or military, were deemed worthy of commemoration within these walls by placing neat and well executed white marble tablets to the memory of such distinguished citizens on the walls of this Hall in the order of their period of death. The thought promised well, and in the results exceeded our expectations, considering the work of death, the loss of property and the changed condition of our people. Much of that success is due to the selection of President Battle and Prof. Winston, as well known representative men of the University, to canvass the State and collect subscriptions to tablets. That canvass was conducted with equal zeal and propriety, either in person or by letter, and to the *entire satisfaction* of all concerned, ninety-eight in number. To these are added tablets to Presidents Caldwell and Swain, Professors Mitchell and Phillips, at the cost of the Board of Trustees, as a testimonial of their respect and veneration for these valuable and aged officers. To these are added four tablets, ten feet long and two and a-half feet wide, on which are inscribed the names of "the University Confederate dead," a roll of 260 names. These tablets are erected in loving remembrance of their heroic purposes and devotion to State and section. At the head of the list stands the name of Leonidas Polk, the oldest Alumnus of the University of North Carolina lost in the war between the States—a Lieutenant-General of the Confederate States Army, and late Bishop of Louisiana.

Thus this Hall will not only be equal to the needs of the public, but furnish a concise and reliable history of the State, perpetuating the names and memory of its most useful sons and distinguished citizens and inspiring the youth of the State with new-born desires for letters and learning and to make a mark and a name among men.

Two remarkable features stand out most prominently in the life history of our College. First, its conception and its origin. Born of our first Constitution, amid the first throes and upheavals of the Revolution, is it not a marvel that the men who had but just entered upon a long and protracted struggle with the mother country should then have resolved to provide for a higher education? And when, at the close of the war, *exhaustion* had so completely done its work; when the country lay, as it were, panting for breath, pressed by want of almost everything needful for human comfort, without resources, save those extracted by the rudest agriculture from a virgin soil; when the spinning-wheel and hand-card were the sole reliance for clothing; without a press to declare the wishes or the purposes of the people; is it not a great marvel that the men of the Revolution should, in the fundamental law of an *infant State*, have declared for the establishment of a *University* on the broad basis of providing instruction "in all useful learning"? Does it not declare the highest type of fortitude and manhood? Whence came this lofty purpose—this love of learning and of letters? Unquestionably it had its origin in the Scotch-Irish element occupying the midland belt of the State. The early emigrants and settlers of this people brought their preachers, who also filled the office of teachers for the young. Tradition informs us that the most popular and best sustained of these nurseries of the young were located in the influential counties of Iredell, Mecklenburg, Guilford and Orange. It was from these nurseries came the desire for higher education that formulated the article that decreed a State University. Doubtless the granting of a charter for William and Mary, and for Harvard, by the royal prerogative of the mother country, and the refusal of a like charter to *Queen's College*, at Charlotte, in Mecklenburg, during the Colonial government, angered the *hornets*, fired the resentment of the Revolutionary patriots, and quickened their action in the blessings of liberty under the shield of the new-born Republic.

The other feature to which I refer as a prominent one in the life of the University, is the remarkable fact that for *seventy years* its fortunes were for so long a period committed to the care and direction of two individuals in the persons of Joseph Caldwell and David L. Swain.

For the gratification of those who never saw him (and that embraces a very large part of this audience), I will here present a short pen and ink sketch of the good man, as I saw, and as I now remember him. Dr. Caldwell was introduced to the Board of Trustees and the people of North Carolina by Mr. Charles Harris, of Cabarrus county, N. C. Whilst he was a student at Princeton he had made the acquaintance of Caldwell, either as a student or a tutor—most likely the latter, for their personal intercourse was so slight that Dr. Cald-

well scarcely remembered that he had ever seen his correspondent at Chapel Hill, Mr. Harris, then a tutor in this infant institution. To me this seems the most marked exhibition of Mr. Harris's estimate of worth and character in so young a man, and stamps Caldwell as a man of mark at a very early day. And to Mr. Charles Harris we owe a lasting debt of gratitude for such penetration. For services so fortunate and so extended he richly deserves the perpetuation of his name and services by a tablet on these walls. Caldwell, in agreeing to come to Chapel Hill, acted on the advice of his best informed relatives and friends, and even after he had taken leave of his duties and friends at Princeton, halting in the city of Philadelphia, he was invited by his distinguished friend, Dr. Green, a leading Presbyterian Clergyman, to occupy his pulpit, and he made so favorable an impression that inducements were held out to him to remain in the city with a view to taking charge of a congregation there. He rejected it and continued his journey to his destination at Chapel Hill. There he remained to the end of his days, in labors most unremitting, living a life of self-denial, surrounded by a population not in sympathy with his pursuits, and the students here assembled rude and uncultured to a degree hardly to be believed by one who has not marked the *mile-stones* in the progress of our education, civilization and comfort. What a contrast between Dr. Caldwell's life here, with his bullies and gladiators, and Dr. Battle's orderly, gentle, well-mannered and generous youths! Often have I looked on with fear and apprehension as to the results and personal consequences to the good President. The good man was as cool and deliberate as he was fearless. I have often thought that, like Stonewall Jackson, his *faith* in the protecting care of Heaven made him equal to *any fortune* Brave old President! What trials he suffered, and how like a grieved father he bore himself! In looking back, how vividly do I recall the chief actors in some of those unpleasant upheavals and volcanic eruptions of college life. I should violate all propriety to give the names of those who so blackened their college lives; but, as a warning to others, "their lot let no man choose." Neither in public nor private life did any of them attain to any eminence, and at least two died with their *boots on.* Here, in the then obscure village of Chapel Hill, in such insubordination, he lived, a President, a preacher, a teacher and a bachelor! Was it not a martyrdom to duty?

Marrying first Miss Susan Rowan, of whom, as well as of an infant daughter, he was deprived three years afterward by death, subsequently associating himself in marriage with the honored name of Hooper, he became a landowner and a slaveholder, thus making his citizenship in North Carolina *complete.* A man small of stature, quick in motion, light in his step, he was *every inch a man*—born to control, ever equal to his office and his *duty.* From this he never asked relief. With his loins girded and his armor on, he was ever ready for his work. Did the State fail to provide funds, did the South Building stand uncovered for two years at the *second story*, he volunteered to collect money for its completion. Not in term-time, but in the six weeks' vacation

in the summer of 1811, in his stick-sulkey, he canvassed the State. Having headed the list by a substantial subscription, he brought home and paid over to the Treasurer of the Board $12,000, with which it was completed.

Did time allow, I could recall many pleasant memories of President Caldwell. In 1824 he was requested by the Board of Trustees to go to Europe for making additions to the libraries and to the chemical and philosophical apparatus. A trip to Europe was not then a summer *jaunt* of a week. In his case it consumed nearly a year. From New York he, by letter, announced the probable day of his arrival home. A welcome was resolved on—a brilliant illumination of the College buildings, the first and *only* one ever made. It is now a pleasant memory to recall the procession to his modest home and the hearty cheers that were given as he stepped out on the floor of his back piazza, from whence he was conducted to the front of the South Building, and from a stand near the well he returned his thanks for the pleasant welcome, addressing the students with the affection of a long-absent father returned to his home and duties. His heart was full and his emotion most manifest. His labors continued only ten years longer, and in January, 1835, in his little brick office in his yard, his sufferings and his life ended.

The death of Dr. Caldwell deeply moved the intelligence and sympathy of the citizens of North Carolina. All felt that a great benefactor had been removed. He was old—he was a great sufferer—death was looked for—yet, when men met and looked each other in the face, came first the anxious question, "*Who will take his place?*" Not many men have died in this State more honored whilst living, or reverenced when dead!

The appointment of his successor was felt by the Board of Trustees as a grave and anxious duty. Gentlemen eminent for learning and piety at home and abroad were presented for the position; but, to the surprise of the State at large, the Board, with but few dissenting voices, tendered the Presidency to the then Governor of the State, David L. Swain, whose term of office was about to expire, and in January, 1836, he entered on the duties of his high office. He was chosen, not for his scholarly attainments, but for the *characteristics* of the man—his zeal, his industry and success in all his labors, his intense devotion to the State, and acknowledged executive ability. It was thought that one who had shown himself so successful in the management of *men*, would not be less so as a manager of boys. In three sessions of the Legislature he had made himself the leader of the House of Commons; he had enjoyed a lucrative practice at the bar, and had been elected to the Superior Court Bench over ex-Judges and able lawyers who were in full practice before he was born; he had been elected Governor of the State at an age younger than any man who had preceded him, and in all had sustained himself with marked ability. He entered on the discharge of his new duties with the same industry and energy that had marked him in all other departments. The Trustees soon realized the wisdom of their selection, and the public, with his learned Faculty, recognized his capacity and pronounced for the new President. He gave a new

impulse to the institution: the number of students largely and rapidly increased, the Faculty enlarged, the course of instruction extended, the finances improved; large and handsome additions were made to the College buildings, with large and ample provision for Libraries and Society Halls; the Campus was enclosed and ornamented by walks and shrubbery, and the village prompted to improvement in its streets, avenues and dwellings—all responded to his untiring efforts. Making himself the master of his office, his recitation room became most attractive by the brilliancy of his lectures, the fascinations in political economy, history, constitutional and international law. He was a great learner—he made himself a great teacher. His learned Faculty and Board of Trustees seconded him in all his purposes with increasing confidence, and all moved in hopeful harmony. It was his boast, that during the four years of war the College Bell never failed in its daily calls, that the Faculty was ever in place for duty, and "that all grew *fat* on sorghum and corn bread;" that the institution was maintained in full *working order*. But the shadows of a dark night were falling around him and his colleagues and the object of his and their care. A special Providence seemed watchful to save these old servants of our State University from the humiliation of a painful exile from homes, honors, labors, offices, and altars. Professor Mitchell had fallen on rest in the deep and dark chambers of the Black Mountain. Professor Phillips had laid down with his harness on, upon the rostrum of the Chapel, for his long sleep, whilst the students were assembling for morning prayer. President Swain, in visiting a small farm in preparation for the comfort of his small family of old servants, was, by an accident, fatally injured. Lingering a few days, his useful life and well-rounded labors were closed in charity and kindness to all, but with anxious fears for the future of an institution that he had loved so long and served so well. He knew that new and unknown men would soon be placed in charge.

Pleasant is the memory of such a man to the people of North Carolina, and they silently rebuked the punishment of a man without a crime and a Faculty without a stain, and in fortitude submitted to the *inevitable* and passed their sons over to the care of the undisturbed institutions of learning of our sister State of Virginia. This Hall is erected to commemorate his services and to stand as a memorial to all others who have been associated with this institution, and who by honorable service, either in civil or military life, are deemed worthy of commemoration here!

Whom have we here? How shall I group them? in clusters, or name the bright particular stars—those who have been most conspicuous and efficient in their services in the care of this institution? Time does not allow of any extended detail, but it may interest the public to know what class of men have been marked by tablets on these walls:

Of officials,

One President of the United States.

Twelve Governors of the State of North Carolina, and one of Florida.

Four Chief Justices of the Supreme Court, and three Associate Justices.

Eleven Judges of the Superior Courts, and one Judge of the United States District Court of Florida.

Four members of the Revolutionary Congress *before* the Constitution.

Six United States Senators *after* the Constitution.

Fifteen members of the United States Congress—House of Representatives.

Three Ministers to Foreign Courts.

Four Attorney-Generals of the State.

Two Presidents and nine Professors of the University.

Six distinguished Chiefs of classical schools.

Nine officers of the Confederate States Army—General George B. Anderson, General Grimes, General Pettigrew, Colonel W. Avery, Colonel C. M. Avery, Colonel Isaac Avery, Major Engelhard and Preston Mangum, and Colonel John L. Bridgers. In mind and merit, in manly fortitude and patriotic purposes, these field marshals of North Carolina were the equals of those of the great Napoleon.

Six leading and successful lawyers—not politicians.

Six eminent and successful physicians.

Of enlightened successful men of business, not known in official or political life, eleven.

Of individuals I must be very brief. First, let me name the sturdy old Orange county farmers, known in the history of the corporation as the "*Donors of the land*" on which the University and the village of Chapel Hill is located, and which fixed unquestionably the seat of this institution on this beautiful eminence. They number eleven—not quite a full jury of the freeholders of Orange county. Erected by the Board of Trustees, in grateful remembrance of their generosity and wisdom, a tablet records the names of

1. Christopher Barbee.
2. James Craig.
3. John Daniel.
4. John Hogan.
5. Edmund Jones.
6. Matthew McCauley.
7. William McCauley.
8. Hardy Morgan.
9. Mark Morgan.
10. Alexander Piper.
11. Benjamin Yeargin.

These "donors" have long since passed beyond the thanks of men; but it should ever be a source of pride to their descendants and representatives that their ancestors were the chief and original creators of this cherished institution of our State—now its light and pride!

But duty and justice require that I should name first, however briefly, the great leader, as an individual, in the organization of this institution—its great *central pillar* of support—William Richardson Davie. He it was who drew

its charter. He was the chief advocate, before the people and the Legislature. He it was who came up on a bright twelfth of October day in 1793, clad in the regalia of the Grand Master, surrounded by the chief men of the State, and laid the corner-stone of the old East. He had been a dashing and gallant officer of cavalry, associated with the renowned Light Horse Harry Lee, under General Greene, in his masterly retreat through the Carolinas into Virginia, ending so disastrously to Cornwallis in his rout and expulsion from the State. He became conspicuous in civil life—as an able lawyer and an orator of vast influence, the associate of Washington and Franklin. He was ahead of his times in the advocacy of broad and liberal education. It was on him that President Caldwell leaned for direction and support in the infancy of this institution. Judge Murphy describes this great *central figure* of his times, General William Richardson Davie, whom he had often seen and heard. He represents him as "a tall, elegant man in his person, graceful and commanding in his manners; his voice mellow and adapted to the expression of every passion; his mind comprehensive, yet slow in its operations when compared with his great rival; his style magnificent and flowing. He had a greatness of manner in public speaking which suited his style and gave to his speeches an imposing effect. He was a laborious student, arranged his discourses with care, and when the subject merited his genius, poured forth a torrent of eloquence that astonished and enraptured his audience." Judge Murphy says: "I was present in the House of Commons when Davie addressed that body upon the bill granting a loan of money to the Trustees for erecting the buildings of the University, and although more than thirty years have since elapsed, I have the most vivid recollection of the greatness of his manner and the power of his eloquence on that occasion." General Davie was afterwards the Governor of the State. In June, 1799, he was sent as Envoy of the United States to the Court of France, and an eye-witness declares that he greatly excited the admiration of the Emperor Napoleon. On his return from France he became a candidate for Congress in the Halifax District. In this he was defeated. Parting with his interest in North Carolina, he removed to his estate at Landsford, on the Catawba River, leading the life of a planter until December, 1820, when he died in the 64th year of his age. That tablet is placed to his memory by a generous woman, of no blood or affinity to Davie, but in the high admiration of the elegant gentleman, the gallant soldier, the leading Trustee, the constant friend and benefactor of this institution. His classic face, on canvas, now may be seen in the Hall of the Dialectic Society, of which it is a cherished ornament. And in this *work* of preserving and perpetuating the *names and memory* of our honored dead, woman, blessed woman, hath done her full part!

General William Lenoir was of the original Board of Trustees of the University of North Carolina, and the first President of that Board. His long and useful life was given largely to public service. In his early frontier life

in Western North Carolina the white settlements were perpetually harassed by the invasions of the Cherokee Indians; and tradition has it that he said of himself, "that, winter or summer, he slept three in a bed—his wife on the left, he in the middle, and his *rifle* on the right." He was often called at a moment's notice to pursue these marauding parties in the hope of chastising them for their depredations committed on the whites, and no man was so familiar with the accessible passes of the mountains, and no one more successful. At the brilliant achievement of King's Mountain he was wounded in the arm and in the side, and a third ball passed through his hair. He was at the defeat of the celebrated Tory, Colonel Pyle, near Haw River. In this engagement he had his horse shot and his sword broken. Between the Indians and the Tories he had a sharp and active military experience. He was a brave and meritorious officer. He served for many years in both branches of the State Legislature, and during the last five years of his service in the Senate he was *unanimously* elected its Speaker, which office he filled with great acceptability. For many years he was elected a member of the Governor's Council of State, and always its President. He was a member of both State Conventions that sat upon the Federal Constitution, an active participant in the debates, coöperating with the Conservatives. Without the advantages of education, a self-taught man, he was an acknowledged leader of wide influence. Given to hospitality, his manners plain and simple, he displayed wonderful powers of mental and physical ability, active and useful to within a few days of his death. He died at his lovely home in Happy Valley, in the 88th year of his age, and is interred in the centre of old "Fort Defiance" on his own farm. It is in honor of him that the respectable county in Eastern North Carolina bears its name. In the interest of education, and for his services in civil and military life, he surely deserves commemoration on these walls. The annual report of the Committee on the Condition of the College for 1885 is from the pen of his worthy grandson and representative, Colonel Walter Lenoir, who wears a gallant soldier's badge.

On the reorganization of the University, and its restoration by the Ordinance of the Convention to the true sons of the State, public opinion desired the appointment of the late Governor William A. Graham to the Presidency; but, when the matter was pressed upon him in the Board, he shook his head, saying, "It is impossible." "It cannot be!" Few as were his words they were full of meaning. The good man seemed to know that his work in life could not long be continued. He coveted not the honors of earth, he desired chiefly those quiet pleasures derived from the consciousness of *duty fully performed*. But he was never more in earnest in any work than in the *re-organization* of this institution after ten years of abandonment during which, though with a fully organized Faculty, no *paying* student ever entered its doors! The course had been abandoned and the young coursers sent off to a higher and more trustworthy *training*.

It was to fill the office of President that Governor Graham felt the most solicitude. After a most careful survey at home and abroad within the South-

ern States of all the material, he declared for President Battle. The endorsement by one who had made so few mistakes, who had been so long a recognized leader in courts, councils and cabinets, closed the question, and Mr. Battle was selected with but little show of opposition. Mr. Graham's fears were relieved, and he became, day by day, more confident of the wisdom of his selection. It was on him that Governor Swain during his long administration of affairs was wont to lean and take direction, and Governor Graham felt the full weight of the responsibility he assumed in his personal action in the Board. To-day it is not as the learned lawyer and advocate; the champion of constitutional and honest government; the urbane and satisfactory presiding officer of popular and legislative assemblies; the colleague of Mr. Mangum, both representing the county of Orange, and at the same session of the Legislature, and both elected as Senators in the United States Congress; nor as a cabinet officer, nor as an *arbitrator* in questions at issue between great States; nor as one of the Trustees chosen by the London Banker to take charge of the largest benefaction ever bestowed by an individual upon an impoverished and exhausted people for the purposes of education: Not to one nor to all of these do I to-day propose to allude. It is of the model and pure boy, the manly, conscientious, modest and diligent student in this institution, respected, beloved and honored by his fellows, enjoying the smiles of his superiors and the unqualified approbation of his Instructors and the entire Faculty, a member of the most intellectual class ever upon the rolls at this institution after a full review of all, ranking with Dews, Manly, Sims, and Harford as the first. Standing and at rest, he was the most attractive youth I ever saw, and as he advanced to manhood he became my *ideal* of the nobleman. Boy or man, in private or in public life, his conduct was regulated by the highest sense of *honor* and the most exact sense of *duty*. From the cradle to the grave, his was a stainless name. The recipient of every honor that he ever sought that the people could bestow save one, he seemed *the favorite* of fortune. But it was the grandeur of his moral nature that passed him unharmed through a long and eventful life. He was in truth a model, and to-day, after a full review, I am unable to name one who as a native of the State is more worthy of the imitation and admiration of the youth of the State. With him the proprieties of life associated with youth, or old age, seemed to attain a perfection and maturity that made it pleasant to look on at all times, even in the *repose of death.*

Boys at the same institution of learning; in manhood neighbors and friends; in old age, a trusted counsellor; in death I mourned him as a brother!

I am not able to recall one of more intense interest and devotion to his *Alma Mater* than Mr. B. F. Moore. His devotion was remarkable, and his *gratitude intense.* It is believed that he is the only one of the Alumni who, by his last will and testament, bestowed upon it a valuable legacy in money, and which was promptly paid by his legal representatives. He and his classmate, Judge William H. Battle, of the Supreme Court, were the

largest contributors to the resuscitation and repair fund upon the reorganization of the institution. In all questions of interest involving its credit, its titles, its finance, the investment of its funds, he sought to control, and was confided in, and the humiliations, misfortunes, bankruptcy and degradation that overtook it filled him with indignation, bitterness and painful solicitude. He was a man who had, in a pre-eminent degree, the courage of his opinions, and uttered them with a force and fearlessness that gave them a *quasi* judicial authority. Learned and accurate lawyer as he was, he never wore the ermine or sat on any bench; but the most eminent of our Court of Appeals ranked him as the equal of any who did, and it is believed that his professional rewards and emoluments were larger perhaps than those of any one of his generation in North Carolina. Often has he entertained me with the lights and shades of his college life: how grandly he marched through the recitations in the languages taught in the first and second years of his college life; how deep and suddenly he went *under* when he struck the mathematical course of the Junior year; how he wrote to his father and appealed to him to take him home and place him behind the plow. His father *refuses*, and tells him to make known his difficulties to his Professor. He hands his father's letter to Dr. Mitchell, who invites him to his study and gives him instruction by the use of his knife and a piece of white pine, cutting for him blocks of mathematical figures, to be used in the demonstrations of his propositions. Turning the light on him in this way, he was enabled to continue his course with satisfaction, and taught the difference between the faculties of the mind, memory and reason. To the end of his life he blessed Dr. Mitchell for his kindness, and said that he had not the language to express his obligations to his father and the University for all that he was, for his escape from a life of obscurity!

Several tablets are absent from this Hall of eminently useful men in the service of this institution, who deserve commemoration here. But one is absent that makes a great void in the list of our distinguished dead—Colonel William Polk, of the City of Raleigh, the last surviving field officer of the North Carolina line, long an active and efficient Trustee, educating his numerous family of sons at this institution. He was the "cotemporary and personal friend and associate of Andrew Jackson," not less heroic in war, and quite as sagacious and more successful in private life than he. It is known that Colonel Polk greatly advanced the interests and enhanced the wealth of the hero of New Orleans by information furnished him from his field notes as a surveyor in his selections of valuable tracts of land in the State of Tennessee: That to Ezekiel Polk, the father of the President, he gave the agency of renting and selling the immense and valuable estate in lands in the most fertile section of that State: That as first president of the Bank of North Carolina, he made Jacob Johnson, the father of President Andrew Johnson, its *first porter*. So that of the three native North Carolinians who entered the White House, through the gate of Tennessee, "all are alike indebted for benefactions and promotion to a more favorable position in life to the same individual—a man

whose insight into character rarely admitted of the *selection* and never of the *retention* of an unworthy agent."

In the building of this Hall the services of Samuel Sloan, the Architect, were at once secured, a man of genius and most favorably known throughout the country. By reason of his exposure to our summer's sun in the very great heat of 1884, he sickened and died at a most critical period of the work. This seemed to place the enterprise in much peril, but he had placed Mr. John Daugherty, of Philadelphia, in charge as chief carpenter, who has shown himself equal to the work, and we desire to express to him in public manner our thanks for his successful prosecution of the work to completion in the most creditable manner. I commend him to favor. And in the like manner we would express to our old neighbor and friend, Captain Richards, the brick-mason, our grateful thanks for the zeal and skillful manner in which he has executed his difficult and novel job to our entire satisfaction. With his own hand has he placed every tablet, without the use of an inch of metal of any sort, and it is believed that they can only be removed by destruction. The honest work of a true man!

By reason of the increased appropriation of the Legislature at its late session as recommended in Governor Jarvis's Message, the Board of Trustees will soon be called to increase the number of professors, thus widening or extending the curriculum. Change is in the air! Fashion has its control, its empire is everywhere. Universities seem Actual or Ideal. Such education must ever be the results of perfect leisure and of great wealth, or the offerings of large benefactions to genius and to poverty. Universities come of great age and wealth. In a country so new as our own, we have neither the wealth nor the leisure for an extended "University Course," and if we had both, we must be controlled by the laws of nature and *necessity*. Human life and college or university life is too short to embrace the *circle* of all knowledge. Recall the wisdom and the words of the old song, to bring us under the rule of common sense:

> "Could a man be secure
> That his days would endure
> As of old *for a thousand* years,
> What things might he know!
> What deeds might he do!
> And all without money or cares."

We have but span-long lives: how short the step from the cradle to the grave; nothing ideal in that. Three score and ten is the declared measure of our days! As population and wealth multiply and increase we must have larger and more minute divisions of labor and *experts in all*. He will attain the best results, who can make the best *response* to the questions—What can I do? What ought I to do? What may I hope for?

But I must forbear in this direction. We have of late had much crude discussion as to what constitutes a University! Without any worry "amid

the prejudices or the past" of "old England or New England," let us look to that one nearest to us, that has filled so large a place in the public favor and confidence, and *whose Diploma* is so certain a passport to high service and employment—the University of Virginia. By letter of November 24th, 1824, the Rector, Thomas Jefferson, and the Visitors report to the then Governor of Virginia, James Pleasants, the organization of the University: That it shall be instituted with eight professorships! or schools!

1. One of Ancient Languages.
2. One of Modern Languages.
3. One of Mathematics.
4. One of Natural Philosophy.
5. One of Natural History.
6. One of Anatomy and Medicine.
7. One of Moral Philosophy.
8. One of Law.

This he announces as "his University!" Not more extended than that of the University of North Carolina. Mr. Jefferson having closed his matchless public life returned like the eagle to his chosen home on his lofty perch at Monticello. Neither rich nor poor, he hungered not for the flesh-pots of Egypt; he was no worshipper of Mammon; he coveted not the gilded badges of the millionaire; he sighed not for the purple and foaming vintage of *La Belle France*, nor was it essential to his comfort to breathe continuously the rich aroma of the old Don's fascinating Havana. He held that large cities, with their courts of commerce, traffic and trade, were great ulcers on the body politic, and to be avoided. Content with his grand record, the Ex-President, uncorrupted by the fascinations of political or court life, devoted the golden evening of his time on earth to the work of a sage and philosopher—to the building up of a well-ordered University as a nursery for the youth of his much-loved Virginia. Crowned with public favor and confidence, and conscious of an immortal place among the sons of men, he lived not for self or the doubtful and damaging pleasures of luxury. The great thought of his heart and mind was the swelling grandeur of his country. The chief pleasures of the great Virginian were in the fields of intellectual labor—in the interests of humanity and of generous and aspiring youth. In the quiet chambers of his ever-to-be-remembered home, shadowing his well-established University, he awaited his end. In the 84th year of his life—on Independence Day—a cloudless 4th of July morning, 1826, he died. The coincidence of the death of the elder Adams on the same day—illustrious fellow-laborers leaving the world together, "borne upward by the outspread arms of a nation," with the blessings of millions and the prayers of millions commending *them* to Divine favor—men thought a canonization by Heaven. And among the private papers of Mr. Jefferson was found a memorandum containing the desired inscription for his unpretending monument: "Thomas Jefferson, *author of the Declaration of Independence and of the Statutes of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and the Father of the University.*"

Can earth surpass it! Seeking what may be accomplished for the practical needs of our University and people, let us seek to make it more of the useful than the ornamental—not by wide, but deep and exact learning promising us the richest fruitage, with good material in the hands of thorough masters. Unquestionably, in North Carolina, fathers and mothers are seeking with anxious care the best instruction alike for sons and daughters as they have never sought before. Let us have no bitter or hateful rivalry in our schools and colleges. Let merit win. Maintain no drummers in the field, no humbug in the school, no fraud in education. Of our University let us be full of hope. Located amidst the blue hills and bubbling springs of perfect health in the heart of our State; surrounded by a frugal, laboring, orderly and improving white population, with new tokens of public sympathy and interest; served by an earnest, conscientious Faculty ambitious to excel in their work; controlled by a Board of native citizens of the State, who should protect it from all evil from within and without, may we not anticipate for it a fortunate future? And looking down the vista to distant generations, may we not hope that at each returning Annual Festival, to this rostrum the learned men of genius, of all pursuits, will come, unfolding the garnered and hidden treasures of the past ages—from the wide domain of philosophy and history, the curious wonders and riches of science and the utilitarian arts, the force and grandeur of mechanism and mechanics—displaying the first flowers of earth, the best gems of the sea—with the rational hopes of a blissful immortality. And from this rostrum the young eagles of this Southern land, brave in their own self-reliance, with their wing upon the wind and their eye upon the sun—upward and onward and *true to the line*—will seek the best aims of human life and share the richest rewards of human ambition!

Esto Perpetua!

Governor Scales, *ex officio* President of the Board of Trustees, then formally accepts the Hall in the following terms:

In behalf of the Trustees, whose representative I am on this occasion, I accept at your hands this magnificent structure, and in their name and in the name of the great State of North Carolina, I this day solemnly dedicate it to the high and holy purpose for which it was erected. You have told of the honorable action and resolute purpose of our patriotic Ex-Governor. You have told us in words that will not soon be forgotten the difficulties that beset the Building Committee at every step and in part how they were removed; of the resources of the learned Faculty and the success that crowned their efforts; of the aid and comfort that came from devoted and impoverished Alumni, and from many other noble citizens of the State; but you have not told, and I cannot tell as I would, that a man aged seven years beyond the allotted three score and ten of man's existence, one of the surviving members of the Freshman Class of 1823, cheerfully assumed the supervision and guidance of this work, and well

and nobly did he discharge his duty, oftentimes at the sacrifice of his own private business. The cost of the building proved to be greatly in excess of the estimates and the actual resources of the Trustees. At times the work was suspended for the want of money; every appeal was made and every resource tested to its fullest capacity and there was no adequate response; the most sanguine of our friends grew despondent; money was scarce, business stagnant, and the friends of the University poor; disaster, if not failure, stared them in the face. It was then that this aged son of the University stepped forward and, without security, advanced the necessary means out of his own pocket. Our credit was saved, the Hall was completed, and we to-day, by means alone of this well-timed generosity, occupy and enjoy it. Need I tell you that that man was the venerable Paul C. Cameron? It is the work of his old age, a fitting cap-stone to a long life of honor and usefulness. The Board of Trustees have shown their high appreciation of his services in the shape of a unanimous and highly complimentary order, which will stand upon its records as long as the University itself shall stand; and to-day I but reiterate its substance when, in the presence of this vast assembly, I tender to him the thanks of the Trustees, the Faculty, the Alumni and of the great Commonwealth of North Carolina!

This Hall, in the original design, was intended as a Memorial of Hon. David Lowry Swain. He was a most remarkable man and his life was a bright illustration of what can be accomplished by energy, industry and singleness of purpose. He was born January 4th, 1801, in the county of Buncombe, and reared to manhood amid the lofty peaks and wild scenery of that mountain home. He read law with Judge Taylor at Raleigh, and at 22 years of age was admitted to the bar. At the age of 25 years he had been three times a member of the General Assembly. In 1827, when he was 26 years of age, he was made Solicitor of Edenton Judicial District, and resigned after one circuit; was again elected to the Legislature in 1828 and 1829, and in 1830 was elected a member of the Board of Internal Improvements. The same year he was elected to the position of Judge of the Superior Court, a very high and honorable position, especially when we remember that the election was by the Legislature and the tenure for life. This position he resigned in 1832, after he was elected Governor. In 1835, while Governor, he was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention, and during the same year was elected to the position of President of the University. Thus we see that in twelve years after he was admitted to the bar, and thirteen after his majority, he was five times a member of the General Assembly, once a Solicitor of a Judicial District, a member of the Board of Internal Improvements, a Superior Court Judge, Governor, member of the Constitutional Convention, and President of this University; holding twelve high and most responsible offices in twelve years, going up by regular gradation until he had reached what seemed to be the goal of his ambition, and what is universally conceded to be the most important, if not the most honorable position in the State. Hitherto

he had been engaged in laying broad and deep the foundations of Republican institutions in framing, construing and executing the organic and statutory laws of the State. Now he addressed himself to the still higher and more delicate duty of training the youth of the land and fitting them to be Legislators, Judges and Governors, and, above all, good and useful citizens. One is a work for time and must perish with it, if not before; the other is a work for time and eternity, and will live on in immortal youth unhurt "amid the war of elements, the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds." This was his pride and this his greatest work. In his start in life he had neither money, position nor influence, nor was he one of those on whom all the gods had set their seals, and yet there was that in him which gave assurance to all that he was a man. There was a tradition in College when I was here that when he first came to Chapel Hill he was a green, awkward mountain boy, and was early selected as a fit subject for the sport and ridicule of his associates. On one occasion, as the tradition has it, he was surrounded by a crowd of idlers, who insisted that he should take a text and give them a sermon. He demurred and begged that he might be spared such profanity, but their importunities increased, until yielding to the demand, he asked their serious consideration of the text to be found in Matthew xx—6 verse: "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" and as he reasoned with them in all the earnestness of his soul, of duty neglected, opportunities wasted, of temptations that lie in wait for the idle, of hopes disappointed and parental hearts crushed, one by one they stole away until the young preacher discovered that he was left alone, and then raising his voice and pointing his finger in the direction of the retreating audience, he shouted, "Go! go! in the name of our common Creator, I bid you go work in His vineyard. He promises a penny a day each, and to my certain knowledge not one of you is worth half the money!" Such a sermon at such a time is relieved by its truth and earnestness of all features of profanity, and I am assured that few sermons were ever preached at Chapel Hill, so noted for preaching ability, that accomplished more good; but as good as it was, there is no intimation that he was ever asked for another. He at once became a leader among the boys, as he was afterwards among men, and now could I have my will, I would have this text inscribed high upon this Hall, so that it would be read from every direction, and by all: "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" "Go work in my vineyard;" and thus I would perpetuate the sermon and make the tradition written history. The design was afterwards changed, and, in my mind, most happily and justly. The names of Caldwell, Mitchell and Phillips stand side by side with that of Swain and are justly made to share with him the honor of making this one of the first institutions in the land. In addition to this, upon its walls are inscribed the names of other good and great men of the State, now in their graves, who were in some way connected, as pupils or otherwise, with the progress and fame of the University. Here you may read the biography to a large extent of the State's illustrious dead. Here you may read her own proud history—

for the history of a State is but the biography of her sons. Here the aspiring youth may find illustrious examples to guide and cheer him in every walk and occupation of life. Whether we consider her heroes, her jurists, her statesmen, her orators, her clergymen, her physicians, her scholars, her scientists, her merchants, her mechanics or her farmers, each presents a class not to be surpassed in the annals of any State, and taken together they make, as you have so well said, sir, a galaxy which will do honor to the name and fame of North Carolina in all time to come. In the late war her sons filled every position in the army, from Lieutenant-General down to the humblest private, and no higher examples of heroic daring and devotion to principle can be found in the history of that war on either side.

The Trustees have also set apart, at their own expense, a place in this Hall for the honored names of those of her heroes who fell in the late civil war, and there is no spot around which we love to linger so much as this sacred spot. Here is a noble army of martyrs. It is headed by Leonidas Polk, the holy Bishop who left the altar to throw himself and his life across the track of the invaders of his country. He was a man of whom any people, State or church might be proud; upon his brow all the gods had set their seals, to give assurance to the world that he was a man. An anecdote is told of him and well authenticated, as illustrative of the impression which his appearance and bearing made upon those with whom he came in contact. Just prior to the war the Bishop was in Vicksburg, and as he entered a hotel then in charge of MacMackin, a famous hotelist in that day, was greeted most respectfully by Mac, whom he had never before met. "How are you to-day, Governor?" "You are mistaken, I am not the Governor," replied the Bishop. "Judge, then," said Mac. "No, not Judge." "Senator." "Again at fault," said the Bishop; "I am none of these, I am simply Bishop of the Episcopal Church." "Ah!" says Mac, "not far wrong; I knew you were at the head of your profession." Consecrated to God in the work of the Gospel, he sacredly adhered to his holy mission until duty called him to the defence of his home and his State. To these he gave his life and died a glorious martyr.

Further on I observe another name. It will not be invidious to mention it. That name is J. Johnston Pettigrew. In 1846 I joined the junior class. One short session terminated my connection as a student with the University. There were three names that preceded mine in the division of the class, Pettigrew, Pool and Ransom, the three most brilliant men in the class. Pool was awarded the second distinction, and in any other class would probably have been among the first. He afterwards occupied a seat in the Senate of the United States. Ransom, a distinguished soldier in the late war and at present our distinguished Senator, divided the honors of the class with Pettigrew, but it is no injustice to him and is a very high compliment to Pettigrew to say that the valedictory was awarded to his competitor. I have been a long time in life and mingled much with the world, but have no hesitation in saying, that in intellectual endowment and power of acquiring knowledge Pettigrew surpassed any man I ever met. In the difficult mathematics of the junior year it was understood

that he was a session in advance of his class, a majority of whom were taxed to their utmost capacity to keep pace with the regular recitations. But what is more remarkable still he was equally distinguished in all his classes, in his society and on the play-ground. He was first everywhere and in everything, and second, as I remember him, in nothing. Added to all this his character was without reproach. Modest and brave, generous and honorable to the last degree, he was the pride of the Faculty and the pet of College. After graduating he removed from his native State to return to her in her adversity at the breaking out of civil war, and offered up his life in her defence. Here, too, as everywhere else, he stood in the front rank of the able and accomplished officers developed by that war. Many of them believed he had no superior, and before General Lee was selected urged him as the Commander-in-Chief of the Army. I have been informed by one who heard it and is now present, that Governor Swain, shortly after the war, at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, the last perhaps he ever attended, spoke with pride and pleasure of the alumni of the University, and as he enumerated one after another of these distinguished sons until he had reared a monument of greatness and excellence of which any institution might be proud, he declared that high, pre-eminently high, above all these names, and as a fitting crown for so noble a work, he placed the name of J. Johnston Pettigrew. Nearly twenty years have passed, and when one hundred more shall be added to them I doubt not that his words will be as true as on the day when uttered.

These are the men named and unnamed who are commemorated by this Hall. This is the work that makes the University the pride of the State and the glory of her people. This building may crumble into dust, every other may become a heap of ruins, but such a work as this will live as long as time shall last, and by its inherent power, if continued, will restore, if need be, the buildings and perpetuate the University. The past is secure; the Faculty and students must take care of the future. You have, sir, most kindly alluded to my selection and the high trust so generously committed to my hands. I thank you, and in response will simply say that my highest aim shall be the good of the State, and that in my opinion her chief good must depend largely upon the growth and progress of her University, her colleges and her schools.

Mr. Eugene Grissom, Chairman of the Special Committee heretofore raised to prepare resolutions expressive of the high appreciation of the Board of the valuable services to the University rendered by ex-Governor Jarvis, makes report at this time, according to instructions, as follows:

WHEREAS, by the expiration of the term of his office, as Governor of North Carolina, the Board of Trustees of the University of North Carolina will be deprived of the services of the Honorable Thomas J. Jarvis as *ex-officio* President of the Board and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Trustees;

And whereas, It is eminently proper that the Board should place upon its records an expression of the profound appreciation entertained of his important labors in behalf of general education in North Carolina, and especially the University; therefore be it

Resolved, That the Board of Trustees gratefully acknowledges the valuable, persevering and successful efforts of the Honorable Thomas J. Jarvis to extend the usefulness and assure the lasting prosperity of the University throughout the period of his service as Governor of North Carolina.

Resolved, That without attempting an enumeration of his labors, freely and constantly contributed, the Board desires to record its thanks in an especial manner:

1. That in every Message transmitted to the General Assembly during six years of administration by Governor Jarvis may be found an earnest appeal in behalf of the University, and the most cordial commendation of its people.

2. For his constant attendance upon the semi-annual meetings of the Board of Trustees, and the frequent meetings of the Executive Committee, and his wise counsels while presiding over their deliberations.

3. For the encouragement afforded by his prompt and regular attendance upon the annual exercises of commencement and the stimulus of his inspiring words and judicious advice to the Faculty, the students and the public.

4. For the existence of Memorial Hall, which, erected at his suggestion, forms a lasting monument to perpetuate the achievements and memories of its former Faculties and Alumni who fell in the service of the State on the field of battle, or who contributed otherwise to the fame of North Carolina in other fields of usefulness or renown.

5. And lastly, for his very efficient aid in securing the very timely appropriation made by the last Legislature for the support of the University, and the enlargement of its facilities for instruction, the broadening of the field of its operations, and the elevation of its capacities for good.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be suitably engrossed and hung in the library of the University; and that a copy of the same be forwarded to the Honorable Thomas J. Jarvis.

EUGENE GRISSOM,
PAUL B. MEANS,
JAS. L. ROBINSON.

The resolutions having been read Mr. Grissom supports them as follows:

Mr. President:—I have the honor to propose the resolutions which have been read in your hearing, expressive of the sentiments of your Committee upon parting with the distinguished member of our Board who has so long presided over its deliberations.

The rehabitation of the University of North Carolina was the step indispensable to the future prosperity of the State. It was the foremost movement

in the genuine reconstruction of the future from the ruins of the past. It contained the principle and potency of the highest intellectual life of generations to come. You are familiar with the clouds that hung about this important undertaking. You recall the poverty of the people, the indebtedness of the State, the apathy of the popular mind in regard to education, the slow progress painfully achieved by the most determined efforts of a few lifelong friends, and the general feeling of uncertainty attending its future. No one will stand in this presence and utter a word that fails to do justice to the superb courage and admirable management of the President and his colleagues, and of the ardent and faithful Alumni and other friends who were never wavering in the hour of need.

But we are especially proud to-day to acknowledge the invaluable services of a patriot who, from the period of his occupancy of the Executive Chair down to the hour of his kindly farewell, gave his resolute, intelligent and manly support to every proposition to add to the resources and to advance the usefulness of the University. In this he had no political ends to serve; he had no personal objects to accomplish; he had not even the memories that warm the heart and nerve the resolution of an alumnus whose early days of boyish ambition were spent in these halls now sacred to his past. Nor did he fear the possible danger of popular clamor and reproach. He saw that the intelligence of a narrow island gathered the treasures of mankind into its coffers, while its flag dominated the old world. He saw that the great and leading States of this Union were the homes of learning and the schools of science. He felt the justice of Jefferson's declaration, that his noblest epitaph would be "Founder of the University of Virginia." He felt that the very heart of a State was its nursery of statesmen.

Striking the key-note in his inaugural address before the General Assembly in which he pledged his best efforts to the advancement of education in our midst, he never faltered. Always ready, always earnest, judicious, penetrating and wise in his counsels, he patiently and perseveringly sought the good of the institution for which he had grown to cherish the love of an adopted son for his foster-mother. Again and again, publicly and privately, he sought to extend the the means and widen the influence of the University, always with the prudence and practical sense of propriety which distinguished his judgment.

As a monument of his association with the fortunes of this institution the magnificent edifice which we have just dedicated to our heroes and scholars will always remain, the fruit of his suggestive foresight and resistless will.

There is a happy fitness in the thought that the erection of this great Walhalla, in which are gathered so many memorials of our best and bravest sons of fame, shall be indissolubly joined to the reputation and name of the modest soldier who bears the bullet-mark of the foe, but whose humble military title is lost in the splendor of a civic crown. When in future years the stranger shall seek the names of Carolina's great men on these hallowed walls; when

tablet and portrait and statue shall tell the tale of those who have lived to adorn the history of the Old North State, to bless her people and to sound abroad the clarion trump of her fame, not the least shining among that group of immortals will be the name of Thomas J. Jarvis.

And not the smallest monument to his fame or the least claim to our gratitude is his success as one of the illustrious *trio* to whose efforts we are mainly indebted for the connecting railroad link between this seat of learning and other parts of the State, and which places high upon *our* roll of public benefactors the names of Colonel A. B. Andrews and General R. F. Hoke.

May I be pardoned if I linger a moment in contemplating the addition to the University of this superb Hall, which the genius of the lamented architect has constructed to be almost without a peer in its own peculiar sphere, and may I remind you of the debt of gratitude due, not only to the statesman who conceived the idea, but to the patriot whose liberality rendered it possible to embody that idea and make it a lasting and complete success at the moment when *necessity* threatened embarrassment and delay pointed to reproach upon its anxious and zealous founders.

I hope it is not indelicate to express our pride that a distinguished member of our own body, whose history is forever linked with that of the University in its brightest pages, when the progress of the work was about to be arrested for the want of funds, came forward with magnanimity and gave the aid of his private means to the extent of thousands to accomplish the desired end without any guarantee or security other than his faith in you and his reliance upon the honor of North Carolina. It pleased a gracious Providence to add a quarter of a century to the life of Peter Cooper after he had completed his three score and ten years, that he might enjoy the sight of the blessings he had bestowed. Need I ask you to join with me in invoking length of days and all prosperity to Paul C. Cameron, that his eye may long witness what his hand hath wrought! The heroic Gordon, that Paladin of our day, is to be commemorated, not by statue or column, but through a great hospital on the soil of Egypt, near the international canal, where the sick and wounded of all nations may be healed—a striking and brilliant contrast of the modern spirit of Christianity with the useless pyramid of Cheops near by, that great monument of the ambition of a vain dynasty of kings and the miseries of their enslaved and impoverished subjects. Happy the man whose name is linked with the great hospitals of charity, the schools of art and the Universities of learning designed to bless and enlighten mankind. After two and a-half centuries Harvard's name is the most potent spell in Massachusetts, while the kings of his era are forgotten, except by the curious scholar. Johns Hopkins will be honored when all the chief men of mere wealth or political power in Baltimore have passed out of remembrance forever. After nine centuries Oxford stands to tell the tale of its gratitude to Alfred the Great.

Learning keeps jealous watch and ward over the fame of her benefactors, and to the long line of her illustrious patrons may the University of North Carolina add the names of some who are now living and many yet to come.

Mr. Paul B. Means seconds the resolutions, saying:

Mr. President:—By request, and with very great pleasure, I second the resolutions. It always pleases me to endorse the invariably good work of our illustrious friend who has presented the resolutions. And, although he has presented them in the name of the Committee, every one here recognizes the resolutions, *in toto*, as the work of one particular, finished artist. And it *especially* pleases me to endorse the resolutions as a most deserved tribute to him to whom they refer, and to the greatness of the people of North Carolina.

We call those men great who speak words, do acts, and advance ideas and measures calculated and tending to promote the prosperity and happiness of a people. But such men are only the creatures, never the creators, of an Augustan age or its blessings to humanity. Such men, their words, their acts and measures, and their very age itself, with all its events important enough to mark it an epoch in history, are the results of social progress among the people; they are the results of the continual, grand, onward, irresistible march of educated, enlightened public opinion; they are the developments of that "germ of reason and virtue which God has sown in the blood of the human family." All great men are merely evolutions of past ideas and exponents of the living thought and spirit of their time. All great men are simply evidences and products of the greatness of their people. And every merited tribute to the greatness of any individual in any age, like this splendid auditorium and "Memorial Hall," which Governor Jarvis originated and was a main factor in erecting, stands as a monument to the greatness and progressiveness of *the people.*

Washington, Luther and all the great heroes of civil and religious advancement and liberty, and all the great leaders in every cause for the welfare of man, could not have been heroes or leaders at any time before they were. If the greatness of their individual intellect and spirit, as a phenomenal wonder, could have existed sooner than it did, and without its propagating causes and antecedents among the masses, they, earlier in history, would have been powerless. For, the age and the people would not have been ripe and ready for their labors. They were the creatures of movements which began long before they were born, and the utmost that they, as individuals, could do, was to put in operation what others had taught, and repeat in louder tones the lessons which they had learned from the people of the past and the people around them.

And this is said, especially in the case of Governor Jarvis, as no slight honor, as no grudging praise to individual greatness. For the difficulties and obstacles such men have to encounter and overcome are always *immense:* because of the laggards in intellect and spirit and energy about them; because of the *statesmen* and politicians and others of the opposition who are "wiser in their own conceit than seven men who can render a reason."

But such men are always great because they are foremost among their fellows in the march of time; because they have the intellect and soul to grasp

and be inspired with the genius of society and their day; because they fully comprehend their age and do not betray it; and because, under this inspiration from their God and their people, they make the revolutions of progress "march onward and orderly beneath their eagles."

In this sense only have men been great. In this sense the subject of these resolutions is great. His public life, in every station in which he has stood under the great eye of the people, declares him such. His gubernatorial administration, in the very much that he has said and done for the great causes of education, agriculture, internal improvement, and all the vital interests of North Carolina, proclaims him great. And as such he and his administration will occupy a prominent and a lasting place in the history of our State.

I most heartily second the resolutions as a tribute to the greatness of the people of North Carolina as exemplified in the greatness of Governor Jarvis.

The question then recurring upon their adoption, the Chair puts the question, and the resolutions are unanimously adopted.

Mr. Fabius H. Busbee, Chairman of the special committee heretofore raised to prepare resolutions expressive of the grateful sense of the generous conduct of Hon. Paul C. Cameron in coming to the rescue of the Trustees in their great extremity, and furnishing them with funds to complete Memorial Hall, (also under instructions from the Board to report at this time), then makes report as follows:

It is becoming that the Trustees of the University shall place upon their records an expression of their appreciation of the liberality of the public-spirited citizen who came to the rescue of the University at its time of need and secured the erection of Memorial Hall; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Trustees tender to their colleague, Hon. Paul C. Cameron, of Orange, their hearty thanks for the loan by which the completion of Memorial Hall was effected, and also for the personal supervision which he has given to the work from its inception—instances, and by no means the only ones, of his uniform devotion to the University and to North Carolina.

In submitting the resolutions, Mr. Busbee, in view of what had already been said touching the subject matter of them by Governor Scales and Dr. Grissom, asks that the resolutions be put upon their passage without discussion, as needing neither comment nor explanation.

The question then recurring upon their adoption, the Chair puts the question, and the resolutions are unanimously adopted.

The following ode, written by Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer, is then sung, viz:

THE UNIVERSITY ODE.

Dear University,
Thy sons right loyally
Thy praises sing;
For thee, our Mother dear,
May every coming year,
Fresh-crowned with joy appear,
Fresh honors bring.

Heaven blessed the genial ray
Of that October day,
When at thy shrine,
Under the poplar shade,
Their vows our fathers paid,
Thy corner-stone they laid
With rites divine.

That blessing hath remained,
Dishonor ne'er hath stained
Thy record fair.
Still Carolina's pride,
Still with her best allied,
Her sons from far and wide
Still boast thy care.

Fair may thy hours roll on,
As, numbering one by one,
Thy tuneful bell
Now rings for duties done,
Now calls to honors won,
Or, for the comrade gone,
Tolls out a knell.

O! Thou, whose promise nerved
Our fathers when they served
For Liberty.
Still be their children's God,
Still with Thy staff and rod,
Show us the path they trod,
The path to Thee.

The Board then adjourns until 9 o'clock to-morrow morning.

"Esto perpetua."

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